

BOLD KELLY'S *23*
G A R L A N D:

Consisting of Six Excellent *11621. C. 7*
NEW SONGS. *23*

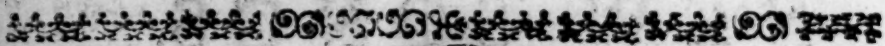
1. JOLLY TAR'S DELICAT for War.
2. Philander and Celia.
3. Jovial Rake. And Answer.
4. A New Song called, SWEET WILLY, &c.
5. The Desparring Lady.



Licensed and Entered according to Order.



The Languishing Husband's GARLAND.



The Jolly Tars Fight for War.



HUZZA for brave Britains ye sons of the waves?
For honour we fight and well never be slaves
For honour we fight and in riches we'll rowl;
And who can compare with our Sailors so bold.
Fal, de ral, &c.

Pray look to our trophies that fame both record,
In honour of our country and George our sovereign
lord,
We're the glory of Britain and terror of Spain,
And who can compare with the sons of the main?

Our name is victorious our hearts they are true,
Our flag is the Union the bright red and blue,
Our flag is the Union the brave red and white,
We always are ready and clear for to fight.

With a full flowing bowl let your glasses go round,
While with sonnets of victory our heads they are
crown'd.

We're the honour of Europe and glory of the wars,
And who can compare with our bold British tars?

Huzza for Brave Britons ye sons of the main;
We'll drink to our sov'reign again and again,
Likewise to our sailors that rowl on the deep,
And wherever we do come the seas we do sweep.

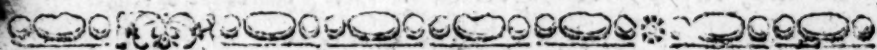
When

When we are on the shore how jovial are we,
 Each man with a glaſs and a laſs on his knee,
 For money's no ſhod no miſers are we
 And there's no man alive more jovial can be.

The alehouſe and tavern we make them to ſhine
 With ſtrong ale and porter, good cyder and wine,
 With kiſſing and courting our time we employ,
 And our enemies plunder we make thus to fly.

Don Spaniard I pray you advance if you dare,
 Look now in the face of a bold Britiſh tar;
 And if with bold Britons a war you compoſe,
 Appear on the ſea then we'll give you a doſe.

Our great guns ſhall thunder, and ſwords ſaſh away,
 The heads of the Spaniards and make them to ſay,
 That no nation on earth e'er with Britons compate,
 Then who can withſtand us the bold Britiſh tars.



A new Song called Philander and Celia.

AT the foot of a willow, cloſe under a Shade,
Philander and Celia one Evening was ſaid,
 The Youth pleaded ſtrongly for the fruits of his
 love,
 Till Honour had won her his pain to remove.
 Till Honour, &c.

She cry'd where's the luſtre when Clouds dark
 the Sun,
 Or what pleaſes Nature when the taſte is gone,
 Among Flowers and Shades where ſweet odours
 do dwell,
 And Roſes that's gather'd do ſoon loſe their ſmell.

Philander

If *Philander* said, *Celia*, what makes you complain,
 I crop the Rose I'll refresh it again,
 And make it to bring forth young Flowers more
 gay,
 Love what can be sweeter than Flowers in May.

Said *Celia*, *Philander* if you chop the prime,
 Then I may at leisure repent it in time,
 For I prize the Rose of my Virginity,
 No Rose in the World can be sweeter to me.

Philander said *Celia*, to grieve you've no need,
 If I crop the prime I will sow in new seed,
 Such seed as shall make young Flowers to spring,
 That's fit to be lov'd by a Prince or a King.

Then come dear *Philander* I'll not say the nay
 For I take delight in young Flowers that's gay,
 He found her good humour'd & willing to yield,
 So they lay down together in the pleasant Field.

And thus they lay sporting with joy and content
 Till Phœbus's glittering streams were quite spent,
 They were join'd at the Church all joys to renew
Philander and *Celia* prov'd constant and true.

Philander and *Celia*, &c.



The Jovial Rake.

MY name is young Caley, a Jovial young Blade,
 And many a Hogge of the Girls I have made,
 And when I have done it, O where is the harm,
 To be howling all Night, and still dry in the Morning.

To work I am not able, and begging is too low;
 To rob I'm not willing, so to the Females I'll go,

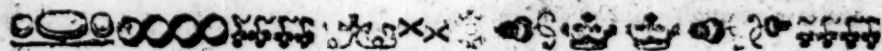
If they find me with Money, pray where is the harm,
To be owling all Night, and still dry in the Morning.

If I to an Alehouse or Tavern shou'd go,
With some Jolly Companion to pick up a Doe
I'll kick her about till she's scarce worth one Farthing,
If I am drunk to Night, I'll be dry in the Morning.

I never am stupid when my Pocket are empty,
The pretty young Wenches supply me with plenty,
With Sack and Canary, I call on my Darling,
If I be drunk to Night, I'll be dry in the Morning.

Come all ye brave Boys that is given to raking,
Pray take my advice and still follow your fraking,
I'd have you save T'wo-pence and take it for warning,
If I be drunk to Night, I'll be dry in the Morning.

When I have spent my Money and haven't a Farthing,
My landlord tells me there's well in the Garden,
I call for a Quart, he'll not trust me one Farthing,
To be drunk all Night and still dry in the Morning,



The Answer.

MY Name is Thomas I often love Game,
Sometimes I do sport in your Parlour of Fame,
But when I am promised I drink in the Garden;
When my Coin is out they won't trust me a Farthing.

My Curse on the Farmer for Sowing such Grain,
It makes my Eyes muddy and reels throgh my Brain,
It causeth my Shuttle to fly through all Storm;
To get him more Money to labour his Farm,

My Curse on the Brewer for great is his Fault,
He tops it too high upon too little Malt,
And when it is done he puts it to barm,
For to pick my Pocket he thinks it no Harm.

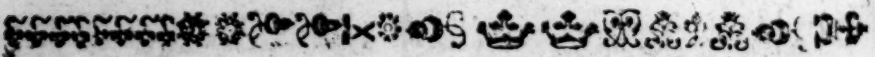
If I had all the Money I left in yon Town,
It might be call'd Guineas or surely some Pounds;
But now I deliver them all up tho' charming.
Because they won't trust me one Quart in the Morning.

If I had all the Money I left in their Care,
It would labour my Land my Children to rear,
And thatch my House round and build me a Barn,
And buy me a Coat that would keep my Back warm.

O! Landlady! Landlady! what is't you mean?
You are good for curing the Blind and the Lame,
You will teach them to walk as straight as a Serjeant,
But down in their Pocket you won't leave a farthing.

You coax and wheedle, your speeches are fair,
If you want a Room, pray walk up the Stairs:
You are prone to dissemble, but look in the Margin,
If they want the Coin, they must strip for their Bargain.

Now to conclude, I shall here make an End,
Unto these few Lines I lately have penn'd;
They have run me behind, I'm scarce worth one Farthing,
Yet If I had Coin: we'd be drunk the next Morning.



A new Song, call'd Sweet Willie, O.

THE Pride of all Nature was sweet *Willie O*,
The Pride of all Nature was sweet *Willie O*,
The first of all Swains
That gladen'd the Plains;

None ever was like to this sweet *Willie O*,
None ever was like to this sweet *Willie O*.

He sung it so rarely the sweet *Willie O*,
He sung it so rarely the sweet *Willie O*,
He melted each Maid
So Skilful he play'd,

No Shepherd e'er piped like this sweet *Willie O*,
 No Shepherd e'er piped like this sweet *Willie O*.

All Nature obey'd him, this sweet *Willie O*,
 All Nature obey'd him, this sweet *Willie O*,

Where'er he came

Whate'er had a Name,

When ever he sung followed sweet *Willie O*,

When ever he sung followed sweet *Willie O*.

He would be a Soldier this sweet *Willie O*,

He would be a Soldier this sweet *Willie O*,

When arm'd in the Field

With Sword and with Shield,

The Laurel was won by the sweet *Willie O*,

The Laurel was won by the sweet *Willie O*,

He Charm'd all when living this sweet *Willie O*,

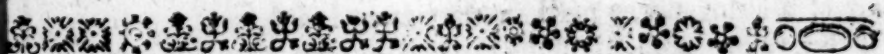
He Charm'd all when living this sweet *Willie O*,

And when *Willie* died

'Twas Nature that sigh'd,

To part with her All and her sweet *Willie O*,

To part with her All and her sweet *Willie O*.



The Despairing Lady reviv'd by the Sailor's Whistle.

EARLY in the morning in the merry month of May,
 Down by a pleasant meadow a seaman took his way;
 And gazing round about to see what he could see,
 There 'spied a fair maid under and oak tree,
 And gazing, &c.

So comely was her countenance and pleasant was her looks,
 As if some powerful venus had writ her in her books,
 With many a simp'ring smile she gave among the leaves green,
 Although it was perceived to her it was not seen.
 With many, &c.

But then she chang'd her smiling into a solid song,
 Bemoaning her hard fortune she had liv'd a maid so long,
 My father is rich and wealthy and hath no child but me,
 Yet I do want a husband to bear me company.
 My father, &c.

My years are young and tender and I'm fair withal,
 O there is ne'er a young man will comfort me at all,
 The sailor says fair Lady why makes you thus despair,
 Be ruled by me I pray thee and to my song give ear.
 The sailor, &c.

A merry note I'll play you your sadness to expel,
 I pray sir, what do you call it the truth unto me tell,
 It's call'd the sailor's whistle a note both sweet and good,
 It will turn a fair maid's sadness into a mery mood.
 It's call'd, &c.

Let's have it says this fair maid and if it be no harm,
 Then well become the sailor he clasp't her in his arms,
 But when that he had whistled a mery note or two,
 She was so blithe and wanton she knew not what to do.
 But when, &c.

Crying ad a mercy sailor thou art a lively lad,
 Thou hast got the best whistle that any one e'er had,
 And of all the mery pastime that ever I did see,
 It's the sailor with his whistle shall be the man for me
 And of all,

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